

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

My text for this occasion may be found in the writings of Dryden, as follows:—

Love is witty,
Love is pretty,
Loves charming while it's new;
But it soon grows old
And waxes cold,
And fades away like the morning dew.

And fades away like the morning dew. My Hearers? There is no mistake about Love's being pretty, coaxing and fascinating; but, for all this, it is awfully dangerous stuff to meddle with. No one ought ever to approach it, unless he is provided with a box of matrimonial pills for it exhales such delicious poison that nobody isn't aware of danger till the disease has reached its climax—and then the only way to eradicate it, will be to take a warm bath at the altar of Hymen, and forever after keep sipping of the sweet water of matrimony—or else take an injection of pistol powder at once, and be certain of a cure. Oh! my heart

clears into my trowsers, pocket when I think of all the mischief that Love has stirred up in this amorous world! So ask those shattered wrecks of humanity who are now swarming in our mad asylums, what it was that fired the city of their senses—drove Reason from her throne, and spread anarchy over the vast empire of the mind—and they might answer truly; Love, the tyrant Love! Behold the miserable sot, suffering a self-martyrdom, with the liquid fire of damnation starting through his carbuncle nose?—about to throw himself upon the funeral pile of his hopes, and appear fuddled at the bar of Judgment? And he will say: it is all for love! Go read upon the stones of yonder church, and how many of Love's victims have been consigned to the dark chambers of death, and have taken the worms of the clod as their bosom companions! Behold—lovers are weeping upon the very turf beneath which lovers sleep. Grieve for the sleepers, and O! my friends, I tremble for the weepers! They are made of soft material—kisses, tears, powder and soft soap and heaven only knows how soon they, too, may dissolve and amalgamate with their original clay. My friends—me thinks I can see, through the spectacles of imagination, a forlorn specimen of decayed feminine beauty wandering over the sea-shore cliffs at midnight. She cuts a pretty figure, I don't think, with her long hair streaming in the wind, tattered frock, cat-owl eyes, and nothing but bare foot on her feet. Now she sings a wild ditty to the moon, and anon calls frantically on one who cannot hear—and I doubt whether he would if he could. Poor thing! Kate is crazed! She let her tender passions run away with her senses, shoes and stockings, and all—and now what is she! Girls, do you hear that! Beware—beware! But to return. Love, like the boy's candy is too good to last long. Soon after marriage it is apt to grow cold, and fade away from the full-blown blossom of the heart, as fades the morning dew from the damask corolla of the rose! But before the affections are bound in the nuptial wreath, there is no danger of Love's dying a natural death. On the contrary, he becomes more and more obstinate in his attacks, and will hang on like an eel to a dead possum. I advise you my young congregation, to beware of piano-forte music and moon-light evenings, if you have a touch of the tender lurking about your vitals, for they are sure to call that little rascal Cupid forth in quest of prey; and when he comes, your breasts are made pin-cushions of, less than no time. He shoots his arrows with unerring aim as he flies, and mocks at the agonies of his wounded victims. He is the mischief-making child of Venus; that artful daughter of Love, who used to sport her golden chariot drawn by sparrows, over the fleecy clouds of heaven—whose railroad track down Olympus consisted of the rainbow. She was the mother of all flirts, and created more trouble in the courts of love than ever Lucifer kicked up in the temple of righteousness.

My dear young friends—you must contrive to love moderately if you wish to have it last long, and not grow cold with the wane of the honey-moon—just as Mrs. Dow and I did when she was pretty Miss Betsey Wheeler.—We didn't squander all our affections amid the foolish extravagancies of courtship, but let off little at a time, and they consequently lasted the longer. Like cattle that masticate their food a second time, so we, till the day that death brought in a bill of divorce in her favor, could sit beneath the bowers of connubial happiness, and chew the cud of our first love over and over again. Why don't you do likewise, and thus ensure many days of comfort and happiness, rather than dry up the fountain of future attachment by indulging for a short time in scorching

ecstasy. Moderation should always be your guide in the affairs of love—no matter whether that love be sexual, fraternal, alchemical or spiritual. By drinking too deep from the cup of either you become intoxicated, and are soon compelled to swallow the bitter dregs of woe and despair. It is a melancholly truth that I have even known persons to become so inebriated with the love of religion, that their reason has left them in disgust, and sought an asylum in the desert region of no where: but the love of morality, virtue and honesty is subject to no such excesses, and the stronger your affection for them is the wiser and happier you must be—I don't care who says to the contrary; but your love for the sexes' plumb pudding and spurious holiness, be careful—be moderate! and you may make it hold out till you are borne to that land where love never fades away nor even waxeth old, So mote it be. Dow Junr.

Snow Houses.—The winter habitations of the Esquimaux who visit Churchill are built of snow, and judging from one constructed by Augustus to-day, they are very comfortable dwellings. Having selected a spot on the river where the snow was about two feet deep, and sufficiently compact, he commenced by tracing out a circle twelve feet in diameter. The snow in the interior of the circle was next divided with a broad knife, having a long handle, into slabs three feet long, six inches thick and two deep, bedding the thickness to the layer of snow. These slabs were tenacious enough to admit of being moved about without breaking, or even losing the sharpness of their angles, and they had a slight degree of curvature corresponding with that of the circle from which they were cut. They were piled upon each other, exactly like courses of hewn stone, around the circle which was traced out, and care was taken to smooth the beds of the different courses with the knife, and to cut them so as to give the wall a slight inclination inwards. The dome was somewhat suddenly and flatly, by cutting the upper slabs in a wedge from, instead of the more rectangular shape of those below. The roof was about eight feet high, and the last aperture was shut up by a small conical piece. The whole was built from within, and each slab was cut so that it retained its position without requiring support until another was placed beside it, the lightness of the slabs greatly facilitating the operation. When the building was covered in, a little loose snow was thrown over it to close up every chink, and a low door was cut through the walls with the knife. A bed place was next formed, and neatly faced up with slabs of snow, which was then covered with a thin layer of fine branches, to prevent them from being melted by the heat of the body. At each end of the bed a pillar of snow was erected to place a lamp upon, and lastly, a porch was built before the door, and a piece of clear ice was placed in an aperture cut in the wall for a window. The purity of the material of which the house was framed, the elegance of its construction, and the translucency of its walls, which transmitted a very pleasant light, gave it an appearance far superior to a marble building; and one might survey it with feelings somewhat akin to those produced by the contemplation of a Grecian temple raised by Phidias; both are temples of art, inimitable in their kinds,—*Franklin's Journey to the Polar Sea.*

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.—It will be found upon experiment, that a wound made on a tree in March or April, will look black as the sap begins to flow, and that as the sap will ooze out until the leaves have put out so as to receive it, while a wound made in June, will remain white and immediately commence healing. And a tree that has been broken by being loaded with fruit or otherwise, while the tree is green with foliage, the wound will look white and the wood remain sound; while one broken in the winter by snow, or from any other cause, it will look black and decline to decay.

It has been my humble lot to spend the most of my time in the Spring and fore part of the summer in engrafting and pruning fruit trees, and my experience goes to prove that the best time for pruning is when the leaves are full grown, and the tree is vigorous and in a growing state. For at this season, the sap has been spent in the foliage, and the pores of the wood are filled, so that when the limb is taken off, the sun and warm weather will dry the end of the limb and close the pores of the wood against the weather, and the sap will keep the limb alive to the very end, and the healing will be perceived immediately. [Boston Cultivator.]

A NEW AND ORIGINAL NOVEL

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM, Author of "The Quadroon," "Dancing Feather," "Capt. Kyd," "Lafitte."

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Night in the Highlands—Kirkwood or the rich Miser—Paul Tathall—The hawk and Pet Rabbit—The Fright—Duncan Powell—The Maid of Rock Hill—The Gazelle—The storm—An adventure on the Hudson—The danger and rescue—Paul and the beauty of Rock Hill—Duncan Powell's daring leap—The interview and its results—The appearance of Paul Tathall and the descriptions of the Maiden—Jealously awakened—Paul declares his passion—Its reception—The extraordinary character of Catharine Ogilvie—A parting scene—The meeting between Paul and Duncan—Their parting—A mysterious murder—The Gypsy and her lover—The doom of the victim—The dreadful end of the Gypsy mother—Our Hero's arrival in New York and his experience of the obliging character of a Hackney coachman, Paul's reception by his uncle His spirit, His subsequent career for two years, His downward course, He quarrels and leaves his uncle, The River Rover's Cub, The newly elected Coxswain, The lawless resolution of the band, Paul's character, His daring and tact.

From the perusal of the above, it will be seen that the Gypsy of the Highlands abounds in incident and adventure, and a perusal of the work itself will not only show this, but prove that a moral of the highest and noblest order is inculcated throughout.

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RATES OF SPECIE, BANK NOTES, &c. IN NEW ORLEANS.

Bank of Louisiana, Gas Bank, Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, Union Bank, City Bank, Louisiana State Bank, Canal Bank, and Carrollton and City Bank,	Pay Specie.
Commercial Bank,	25 a 30 ct. dis.
Citizens' Bank,	38 a 40 ct. dis.
Consolidated,	32 a 35 ct. dis.
Exchange Bank,	65 a 67 ct. dis.
Atchafalaya Bank,	82 a 86 ct. dis.
Improvement Bank,	60 a 75 ct. dis.
Bank of Orleans,	45 a 50 ct. dis.
Checks of Commercial Bank Natchez, } 8 a 10	on Merchants Bank New Orleans, } ct. dis.
MUNICIPALITY, No. 1-	10 a 12 ct. dis.
Do. No. 2-	10 a 12 ct. dis.
Do. No. 3-	55 a 70 ct. dis.
Mexican Dollars,	par a—
Do. Half Dollars,	par a—
American Dollars,	par a—
American Gold,	4 a 4 ct. pm.
Sovereigns,	\$4 84 a 4 86 each.
Spanish Doubloons,	16 25 a 16 40 each.
Patriot do.	15 50 a 15 62 1/2 each.
U. States Treasury Notes,	par a 4 ct. dis.
U. States Bank Notes,	50 a 55 ct. dis.
Kentucky,	par a 1 ct. dis.
Indiana,	1 a 2 ct. dis.
Illinois,	65 a 70 ct. dis.
Tennessee,	1 a 24 ct. dis.
Cincinnati,	3 a 5 ct. dis.
Ohio country Banks,	5 a 10 ct. dis.
Virginia,	24 a 5 ct. dis.
Alabama,	41 a 51 ct. dis.

MARRIED.

Married in Yazoo county on the 4th inst. Dr. John E. Montgomery to Miss Sarah K. James daughter of the Rev. Peter James. In Hinds county Mr. Benj. E. Roper of Hinds co. to Miss Catharine W. Payne daughter of Dr. Nathaniel W. Payne of Lynchburg Va.

Honor bright in a horse trade.—On Thursday last, a stranger entered the shop of Mr. P—, baker of this city, and said, "I suppose, Mr. P., you don't recollect me."

Mr. P.—I do not remember you sir. Stranger.—Don't you remember selling me a horse fourteen years ago, and taking my note for it? Mr. P.—I remember the transaction, and that the note was never paid; but I do not remember you.

Stranger.—Well, I'm the man. Since then, fortune has been up and down with me, and down and up, and now it's up; and I'm able to pay you, interest upon interest. It is the only thing I owe in these parts. It is \$142, and I reckon it, at compound interest, and here it is (counting out that sum in bills and specie.)

Mr. P.—[taken up the money].—Are you one of these Millerites, that believe the world is coming to an end, sir?

Stranger.—No. I am not a Millerite, and I don't believe that the world is coming to an end: but it is time that it should come to an end, if people don't do as I have done, if they are able.

The stranger then withdrew, leaving Mr. P. in a state of wonderment. After he came to himself, the first remark Mr. P. made was—"I'll bet the whole sum he is a Democrat."

A tasty Bachelor.—A young bachelor, in Lafourche, who proposed for the daughter of a wealthy planter in that parish, insisted, in his letter to her father, on receiving with her as a dowry, a certain sugar plantation which the latter owned; "for," added the gallant in his letter, "I should like to take my wife as I do my coffee—well sweetened," Pic.

Trust Sale.

BY virtue of a deed of trust executed by Barton Evans Amzi P. Boyd and Henry J. Munson, to William S. Ross, for the benefit of the Board of Police of Attala County, which said deed is dated the eighth day of February 1838, and duly recorded in the office of the Clerk of Probates of Attala County, in Book C, page 107 108 & 109, and convey to me as trustee the following described property lying and situated in the town of Kosciusko, and which said conveyance is made to secure to the Board of Police of Attala County the payment of a certain sum of money in said deed mentioned, due by the said Barton Evans Amzi P. Boyd & Henry J. Munson, to Hymrick Nickols President &c. and successors in office: I will in consideration the premises on the first Monday in June next, being the day of the month proceeded to sell at the door of the Court house in the town of Kosciusko, the property described in said deed, being Lots No. Sixty five, Sixty six, Sixty seven, Sixty eight, Eighty six and Eighty seven, situated in the town of Kosciusko, except the middle third part, of the north half of lot Sixty seven, and I will convey to the purchaser such title as is vested in me.

WILLIAM S. ROSS, trustee.
April 14, 1843.



RAN AWAY from the subscriber in the month of January last, a negro woman named Mary. Said woman is about 18 years of age, stout built and likely. I have reason to believe that she remained in this neighborhood for some time after she went away, but not having heard of her lately she may have gone off.

She took with her when she went away, a striped homespun dress, and two, calico dresses. One a red ground with small red spots, and the other a black ground calico. Whoever will deliver her to me or give me any information that will enable me to get her again shall be suitably rewarded. As I have some reason to suspect that she has been enticed away, I will if such is the case give a reward of fifty dollars for the girl, and such information in regard to the thief as will enable me to convict him.

SAMUEL S. JOSLIN.

Attala County Miss.
April 27 1843.

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI, ATTALA COUNTY.

William N. McKeller } Attachment returned to the
vs. } Circuit Court
Roscow Cole } of Attala County
For \$3137, 60

The above stated Attachment having been returned as having been executed, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant Roscow Cole is not an inhabitant of this State; it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication of the same be made in a newspaper in order to give the defendant notice, that unless he appear and plead or demur to said action, that judgment by default will be entered against him for the amount of the plaintiff's debt and costs of suit, and the property attached sold to satisfy the same.

ELAM WADDELL Clerk.
Circuit Court, Attala county,
May 10, 1843.